



# Beating heart of a Dead soul



soul heart dead

👁 117 ✓ 13 ★ 14

## Chapter 1 by Glitch

An old rusted heart shows love, hardship, and has lived worth living. An old rusted heart has stories to tell. Stories of the wonderful world seen from blind eyes.

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



I remove the heart from the creature's chambers. I don't know how long it has laid here rusting, but the heart looks to be in better condition than the puppet itself.

The Old Kings used to create these puppets to populate their courts. They told stories, and sang, and acted as technological curiosities to those in attendance. But those were the old days. We have androids so realistic, you can't tell that they aren't real. We have robots that can cut out cancerous tumors in under an hour. It's been a while since these antique dolls have caught anyone's fancy.

Besides mine, of course. These particular contraptions took footage of the courts through their eyes, and stored the recordings in their hearts. And I've had a particular interest in the court this puppet witnessed for a very long time...

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Chapter 3 by NathanN

No one was currently in the room. She had the role of a wife.

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with only her as confident. And I know they are.

I glanced to her heart and asked myself what may be her thoughts if she could see her own heart in the hand of someone else. It was only me idling and quickly enough I recovered. I looked for my holo-G device but it seemed that I put too many foods and tools in my backpack for this expedition and lost 10 minutes to find it.

Dust filled the air, itching my nose, but I finally found it and without thinking I glanced sideways to her as if she could laugh about it. This doll was so lifelike... I better understood why they were so coveted.

I took my crafted Holo-USB cable and connected it to the heart. But neither the screen on my laptop nor the holo-screen activated. *Holo Rim* may be the first enterprise to build them; their devices are too perfect and stop all hacking.

I could only take the 2nd option. At this moment though breaking the heart to take out the memory card was the only option left. But it may destroy all her data and decades of recorded history.

I sighed and looked once again at her *sorry again I'll break your heart*. I took one of my tools and just before to act and remembered why I wanted those data and wasn't it only an *energy problem*? I laughed lightly to this idea. Why not... directly ask her?

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